At Your Command

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1790701.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Cock & Ball Torture, Chastity Device, Master/Slave, Punishment, Spanking, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, terms & conditions, Questionable Consent, Training, eventual cuddling, Orgasm Delay/Denial, and the kitchen sink - Freeform
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of All or Nothing At All
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-15 Words: 9,415 Chapters: 1/1

At Your Command

by orphan_account, whiskeyandspite

Summary

The crop ostensibly is in Hannibal's possession for the horses - there are four, two thick draft horses that Hannibal has some special affection for, two fine riding horses. William supposes that is the excuse for the stout bamboo rod wrapped in handsome leather, the flicking lash on the end that catches his eye.

But in riding or leading, in tending or care, he has never seen Hannibal carry the whip, not for the horses.

It is then, he can infer, solely for his correction.

In which Will begins to feel the real effects of his training and Hannibal enjoys every second of watching him struggle. Laundry list of kinks, for which we aren't sorry.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The house is spacious, well appointed, and an island in an ocean of nothing.

It is sprawling and severe, a stone house in the mold of an English countryside manor, with green grounds, hedges, walks, gardens. The paths ramble and lead nowhere, but there is a beauty to them, if a droll one.

Will knows his father's money paid for it, either that which Hannibal made working for him, that which William now knows he carefully made vanish and set aside for exactly this occasion, or that which he was paid in reward for the apprehension of so deep a flaunter of prohibition.

The cage is large, the bars are gilded and fine, and he is allowed to flutter around it as it pleases him so long as he can still do what is required of him, but it is still a cage and at times it still constricts him.

Hannibal considers it his due, if he does not say it in so many words. The house, the money, the seclusion, and Will.

For a time, Will had rattled around the space, before Hannibal had begun to lay the rules, letting him discover many on his own, leaving others implicit in his instruction. He knew what not to do. He knew the penalty, in most cases.

The crop ostensibly is in Hannibal's possession for the horses - there are four, two thick draft horses that Hannibal has some special affection for, two fine riding horses. William supposes that is the excuse for the stout bamboo rod wrapped in handsome leather, the flicking lash on the end that catches his eye.

But in riding or leading, in tending or care, he has never seen Hannibal carry the whip, not for the horses.

It is then, he can infer, solely for his correction.

But there is only so far an image goes. Will can imagine war, can imagine famine and fear but he has never felt it. At most he can feel a tug in his chest that just shadows the emotions presented, but he cannot know them unless he tries, unless he puts in the effort and delves into a part of his mind he keeps steadfastly locked.

Just so, with this.

It's a threat, unspoken and yet unused but there.

How long they've been here Will no longer knows, the boredom fading days to weeks together. He knows that he is not neglected, but the time in this house goes by Hannibal's watch, by Hannibal's choice and his pleasure.

He knows, only from the moping ache of his body that it’s been too long for his liking since they have shared a bed, since Hannibal had touched him at all in a way that Will wants to be.

He doubts asking would get more than a smile, a narrowing of the eyes in dark amusement and a denial, and hands are familiar and easy tools for simple pleasures.

Will doesn’t close the door fully, in case his master calls him - the word both irks and warms him - but it hardly matters. Hannibal rarely turns from routine; he will be reading for an hour more at least, unless the weather turns.

He finds, reluctantly, that when his eyes close and his fingers draw languid down his thighs over the pants he wears, that Will’s mind lingers on Hannibal. His voice and eyes and dangerously strong hands. The collar presses to his throat on a swallow, and he thinks of that, too.

He can feel his skin heat, fingers working quick on the catch of his pants, and swallows, lets himself have it. It isn’t as though Hannibal can read his indiscretions from his face, he won't know who Will had thought of.

The touch is familiar, his body answers easily, and behind his eyelids he entertains that he is not alone, that the touches aren't all his own familiar hands, soft and without callous, though they were growing slightly rougher from the work he saw to, here. It was part of his servitude, and of late he had seen it as a way to alleviate the boredom, though he had chaffed at it for long enough.

Will lets his fingers move slowly, long strokes that tease, working the pads of his fingers just under the head until he can feel the edge of release creeping slowly upon him, and then he eases back sighs out, knows that unless he makes this last more than a rushed few minutes, it won't ease his tension. He bites his lip to hold the sounds, ears attuned to the sounds of the house itself.

The country is quiet, though birds sing, somewhere by the pond there is the strange chirping of amorous frogs, the low buzz of insects - it is not the city, where there is rushing and cars, where the world sounds alive. Here it is sleeping, and he finds his ears straining to be certain he has not woken the part of it he does not want to wake.

Hannibal could watch me, he thinks, and the idea is a thrill of pleasure that he hates and yet he cannot quite discard. He pictures the image, Hannibal in his severe suit, lingering in the doorway, eyes dark but slowly taking the spark of lust that Will has learned the exact color of in their depths. Hannibal, still, holding his breath and with his attention fixed solely on the slim lines of temptation within Will's body.

His fingers coax more in earnest now, and he feels the coil of it gather in his belly rather than just his dick, feels the beginnings of a satisfying release rather than any quick thing he could take, and he pulls in air and tries not to moan or whimper, though if Hannibal were watching, he would let it loose.

If Hannibal were watching, you would be in trouble, his mind offers, and he swallows, finding some slow panic that he was unaware of how long had passed, how many minutes he had been teasing himself. Just as the thought manifests, just as it clenches hard in his gut, a noise makes him aware of the other's presence, a low tapping of leather on the doorframe.

"Shit!"

The satisfying warmth ebbs back with cold panic and Will scrambles to sit, hands behind himself for balance, pants still partially down his thighs from earlier in his rush to touch.

Hannibal looks just as severe and his mind had offered. Straight-backed, almost too tall for the doorframe in only the power that seeps from him, the crop that no longer taps the frame but now sways lightly in his fingers. Will swallows, an inappropriate surge of pride in seeing those eyes dark *just so* in their desire for him.

"Six bedrooms in this house and your walk takes you past mine." He says, knowing his words won't save him, but they are a comfortable, familiar shield.

At least he wasn't trying to saw the collar off in the kitchen in the middle of the night again.

He doubts his punishment would be as cruel - he's certainly never tried to remove the collar since.

Another swallow, at Hannibal's silence, before he licks his lips.

"You're welcome to watch. I'm nearly finished."

Hannibal's eyes do not leave him, but there is no promise of reward, either. William has not so enticed him that he has forgotten the disobedience. The crop makes a low, slow circle, somewhere in the vicinity of Hannibal's calf.

"You are finished now," Hannibal tells him at last. "Undress yourself."

Will swallows, uncertain what to make of the statements, of the orders. He knows - or at least he thinks he knows, what to make of the perpetual motion of the crop in Hannibal's fingers, of the way the man stands solid and blocking his exit.

For a long moment he is torn between compliance and stubborn refusal, between a full willful defiance now that he has dug himself so far into this hole.

He shifts, just once, as though to push himself back further, towards the other end of the bed to-

- to what? Back himself further into a corner? Anger Hannibal with a genuine retreat? If he can be talked out of his ire here, he will not be after Will's attempted flight. Will considers, chews his lip gently, eyes on Hannibal to gauge the patience he will be offered if he just stays like this.

The crop stills.

It's enough to have Will's fingers twitch to slide his pants further off, over the side of the bed into a messy pile.

"Technically," he tries, tongue nervous over his lips as he finds the buttons on his shirt to undo, "I haven't done anything to make you angry. Logically."

His eyes are too wide to fit with the calm words and Will knows the lie reads clearly there.

Hannibal doesn't answer immediately, he simply steps within the room, closes the door, turns the lock. That Will has been given his own quarters is an allowance, he knows, to both of them. Hannibal prefers moments of quiet and privacy, William is allowed to have a space his own that is not lined with genuine bars and newspaper.

Will's fingers hurry on the buttons, and then he gives up after four, pulling the shirt hurriedly off of his shoulders. He is still, he thinks distantly, embarrassingly hard, betrayed by his own body at the excitement of attention bestowed. When the crop moves - a long, slow arc- his eyes move with it.

Hannibal sets the tip of the crop beneath Will’s chin and lifts it, meets his gaze to be sure he has Will’s full attention.

“I gave you no permission to touch what is mine,” his Master says, and Will finds his fingers bunching tightly into the shirt crumpled between them, feels the reflexive swallow at two points in his throat - where the crop touches, where the collar sits.

Hannibal tucks the crop beneath his arm, however, and stoops instead, to produce the restraints from beneath the mattress. William had not been aware of them, but Hannibal teases free four lines, unspooling into evidence the method with which he will be held, and it’s somewhere between anticipation and dread in his gut.

Letting the last fall onto the floor with a clatter of metal buckles, Hannibal rises again. “You were aware of the rule.”

"Was I?" It's too soft to be petulance, and Will eyes the restraints, the lock, everything, and holds his shirt tighter. He wonders if Hannibal will be angry with the wrinkles in it later.

He bites the inside of his lip again and breathes slowly.

"You liked watching me," he points out gently, eyes up to Hannibal’s again, though he knows this is a losing battle. He considers, again, trying to get away, but it’s only a passing panicked thought.

"You took pleasure in what is yours... isn’t that also a rule? So perhaps the breaking of one can be canceled by the fulfillment of another?"

Hannibal reaches out, leans over the bed and curls his fingers around Will’s cock to stroke, gaining his silence, save for the moan that pulls out of him, and the electric feeling between fear and lust grows tighter in his chest.

“If you intended that excuse,” Hannibal suggests, fingers coaxing, soft, until William almost - almost feels he might have won, that the show of threat was all he’d get to consider for the next time. “You should have invited me before you started.”

The first blow of the crop lands stinging over his thighs, enough to jump him, to catch his attention, to ruin the slow build of pleasure on the verge of it tipping over to release and Will can’t stop his gasp. The initial touch seems only a sting, before pain blooms below his skin at the force of it, and he is reaching his hands to cover the injury before he can think.

Hannibal turns him on the bed while he recovers, too fast for much protest, stronger than he seemed and always radiating enough command to make Will think better of too much resistance, and he finds his hands in the cuffs, his ankles, and he only thinks to fight as the lines draw tight to hold him spread.

"Shit..." a gasp as he arches up to keep his cock off the bed, to stop the deliberate rubbing. He knows already, well enough, that release without permission earns him a punishment. On top of this, he doesn't want to risk it.

He twists in the restraints but not enough to be seen as genuine struggle, just testing the give. There is very little.

"You're here now?" He tries weakly. His thigh still stings where the crop had landed.

He can feel the eyes burning on his back, a brand and a caress both, as he shifts, twists to keep his hips a little lifted, though the position puts strain on his aching thighs. Hannibal is measuring his back, laying a plan like Will thinks he’ll lay stripes with the whip, or perhaps just watching him writhe, appreciating the picture he makes left helpless.

The first touch of the crop is not a lash, though Will flinches from it anyway, anticipating. Hannibal touches him with it, lightly, and lets Will feel the rough side of the short lash, the unfinished leather catching on skin that seems awake and aware for it. He closes his eyes and drops his head to the mattress, trying to hold on through the unexpected gentleness.

Touch travels along the arch of his spine, the curve of his ass, just slightly more firmly over his balls - he catches his breath and holds it, curls his hands into the blankets at the implicit threat, at the merest suggestion of so much pain - and then moves on, not quite soft against the insides of his thighs, delving almost reverently into the hollows at the backs of his knees.

“I’m here now,” Hannibal agrees, at length, and gives him the first genuine kiss of the rod, just where his thighs meet his ass, where the pain cannot be ignored.

Will cries out, loud and sharp and bitten short against the sheets. He presses away, down, and finds himself trapped there, too. The quiet hell between pleasure and pain and he trembles.

"Ok! OK I... I won't do it again."

A hum, perhaps agreement or perhaps just amusement at the fact that Will thinks his words will be heeded. Another strike, harder, just below the first, and Will's shoulders curl.

It hurts more than he expected, having never suffered such corporal punishment as a child, and Will's breathing grows harsher.

He knows his cheeks are red with this, that despite the pain he is utterly humiliated to be sprawled this way, like a disobedient child on display to think about what he's done to earn this.

He knows despite the pain he is still achingly hard.

He considers, as the leather moves cruelly soft over his skin in soothing patterns, the advantages of his retaliation and finds few for himself. But he supposes it can't get worse than a cage, than a harsher whipping. And both go away.

He drops his hips to the bed again and groans softly, shifting to gain friction, enjoy even the last of his rudely interrupted play. Perhaps if he takes the punishment as a gift it won't be bestowed again.

Will ducks his head and moans.

This, it seems, gains him some approval. Hannibal reaches down to touch him with his hand rather than the implement, threading his fingers gently through Will's hair, down along the back of his neck, before toying just a little with the lock on his collar, feeling the tremors and writhing that translate through Will, unleashed somewhere around his ability to control it.

He is unlocked through the pain, his body given the full excuse of expression, and Hannibal at least can appreciate it. He curls one finger beneath Will's collar and gives a gentle tug, enough to draw it tight for an instant, to catch attention.

"Only when I say," he reminds, and then his touch is gone and another stroke lands, this time on his shoulders, twice, in matching over each blade. He does not promise that he will say, save that is implicit in his command for Will to hold himself, in the pauses he leaves between touches of the crop for Will to twist and rub himself back from the flagging pain brings.

The rest come slowly, methodically, calculated, and Will's mind counts them in beats, like the movements of a clock, though in his mind the time is interminable, the pain mounting as his flesh protests the abusement, until he is certain he is cut, until the skin feels red and raw, and his hands grip the sheets as much to hold onto them as to still his shaking, to push them down to where he seeks friction. He is aware that the blankets below him are wet with his very readiness, that he has counted nine - then ten, and then a long pause.

Breath comes to him in an explosion, a gasp that traps a swath of blanket between his teeth as his mind tries to catch the agonies and pleasures of his body and sort them, while he is trapped spinning in the middle, unsure how much longer he can hold himself back from blindly seeking the pleasure that would lessen what agony echoed through him like a struck bell.

The next breath is a sob and Will finally feels himself shaking. Close to release, nerves singing in pain.

You are owned, Will.

This is no longer yours to just take.

"I'm sorry," he breathes, quiet, eyes closed tight to everything. He jerks hard when he feels Hannibal's hand warm against him, makes a soft little noise.

"As you should be," Hannibal tells him, but the tone is not harsh, it's soft - almost appreciative. The apology is accepted, and Hannibal's weight settles next to him on the bed, gently, soothing the immediate sting from his flesh with his gentle touch.

It is experience, Will thinks as he swallows hard, trying to stop the groaning sobs that pour from him, that leaves Hannibal secure in touching with just enough pressure - not so much as to cause pain, not so light as to tantalize and sting. He soothes the worst of the ache from Will's backside, as Will rolls his hips in shaking, blind need into the mess of blankets below him, but he cannot quite find enough friction.

Hannibal reaches beneath him, curls his fingers tight and strokes slowly, knowing how little it will take.

"I accept your apology," he says, and when Will turns his head, he finds Hannibal smiling in clear pleasure at the repentance, at the very picture Will must make, a bound and unbound mess. "And your intent to behave better in the future."

"May I please-" Will begs, twisting, uncertain if he can stop himself if the answer is no, but it isn't.

"Yes," Hannibal tells him, and in the back of his mind Will thinks of how he had once ordered the same, and how Hannibal's permission slips over him far sweeter than a command might as release wrenches free of him into Hannibal's grasp.

It leaves him shaking harder, sore and spent and strangely pleased by Hannibal's words. He tries to stifle the feeling, the warmth at his master's praise.

He hasn't been forced into this long enough to accept the word yet.

Forced?

He swallows, ducks his head as his panting breaths slow, so he doesn't have to see Hannibal just now.

"Can I go?" He murmurs.

Hannibal does not answer him - he does not have to, and the way the man rises from the bed without seeing to his bonds is answer enough. Will grips the sheets, and feels the mess cooling against his stomach, against his cheek where his mouth had wet the comforter as he had bitten it, and wonders if he will be forced to lay in it long.

Belatedly, he supposes he might have asked slightly more politely.

He does not wait long, however, and Hannibal returns carrying a box between both of his hands, a blindfold slung over the backs of two of his fingers. It is this he applies to Will first, as one might a horse they intended to lead out of a fire. Despite his aching languidness, his heart speeds, his breath quickens.

Hannibal only blinds him to do something new, something he wants Will to see only after it is finished. He thinks of the vibrator, and shudders.

The first touch is of warm, wet, rough cloth, cleaning him over his back and then more intimately. After a moment, Hannibal unclips one of his ankle cuffs, tugging him partially to his side, clipping it to the other ankle to leave him twisted and exposed. Hannibal cleans him attentively, carefully, though Will can still feel the wet spot touching at his hip.

It is what comes next he cannot quite make sense of, Hannibal manipulating his soft cock, sliding something along it that is hard and unforgiving to the touch, and Will shudders, then whimpers when something tight and restraining slips over his balls with the help of cold, slippery lube and Hannibal's insistent coaxing fingers.

He is left to guess, to feel it coming together against his skin without being able to see, and he bucks a little, tries to smear the blindfold off on his arm so that he can see, and it gains him a reprimand, a hard pinch on his inner thigh.

"I would advise against fidgeting while I fit it, William," Hannibal says, one hand utterly still to keep the unyielding device in place. It is not complicated, but there seems to be more than one piece, and now both are confining against his balls, the whole of it rigid and unusual, tight in places he has never experienced.

Then the device shifts, a click sounds, and Hannibal stands from the bed again, unclipping Will's ankle from the other, but making no move to remove the blindfold yet, intent to let Will experience his new confinement by sensation first.

Will bucks, teeth grit with the new discomfort but not pain. The pain radiates heat from his back, ass and thighs, throbbing in cruel reminder. No, this is something stranger, tight and hard, like a shell.

At least he no longer feels the wetness on the bed under him through it.

He twists further, ducks his head determined to yank the blindfold away and see.

He manages enough to look, the thing tugged down over one eye but leaving the other free to look, and glances down.

For a moment, he says nothing. Just stays still. When he does speak his tone is far from polite.

"Whipping me wasn't enough for you?" He clenches his fists in the restraints. "I jacked off. I didn't try to cut my damned collar. I didn't even cum without permission! I'll feel your displeasure on me for weeks, isn't that enough?"

By the end the tone turns softer, not pleading but asking.

Hannibal touches him then, gently, running his hand along the unbruised center of Will's back. His tone is what saves him another swat, the genuine question an attempt to understand rather than an indignant demand.

"What is enough is what I say is enough," Hannibal reminds him, but his tone isn't harsh. William has been reprimanded enough, and he is clearly penitent. Instead he displays the key to the small lock on the device, in the palm of his hand, a symbolism of who holds the rights.

"The second part is not punishment, it is a reminder," Hannibal suggests, and then his smile is wry, self-pleased, and William feels faint irritation at how handsome and at home it seems on Hannibal's features. "I would suggest you consider what I meant, but I have a feeling you will be unable to escape certain considerations."

With that, he stands, tucks the key into the breast pocket of his suit for now, and then begins undoing William's cuffs, which he tucks back beneath the bed.

"Be still a while longer and I'll see to your skin - it's unbroken, but I am sure it's raw," Hannibal instructs, stepping into Will's bathroom to reappear with a pleasant smelling lotion.

Will raises himself on his elbows and looks down again, slipping the blindfold off properly to rest on the bed by him now. The device encircles his balls with clear plastic, covers his cock to the tip but not closed fully. A lock at the top, by his belly, holds it firmly on.

Will frowns. He looks up when Hannibal steps to the bed again.

"What the hell?" He asks, but no anger is aimed at Hannibal now, just sheer bewilderment. He sighs, when Hannibal gives him nothing, and turns to rest on his stomach again, curls his arms under his head and buries his face in them.

"You haven't touched me for days." he mutters. Perhaps an excuse for his earlier infringement.

Hannibal touches him now, as if in direct contrast - gently, attentively. The lotion soothes and then seems to numb him gently, starting cool and then warming by measure. Despite himself, Will begins to relax, easing against the bed while Hannibal sees to him, taking the measure of the damage done as if he had not inflicted it himself.

It's a strange juxtaposition, punishment and then pleasure, conferring some odd value to William as a project, as something in flux and developing. He breathes out, feels his own breath hot on his arms, feels the press of plastic above his pelvis.

"Does that displease you?" Hannibal asks, maddeningly, leading Will toward something his mind pushes back at, refuses to accept.

Will says nothing, arches up into the touches, until they stop, just warm palms at his back.

"Don't you want to?" He asks instead, turning his head a little.

"Won't it be more rewarding than this?" A cloying tone, teasing and coy for a moment, rolling his hips in a slow undulation before the strange plastic device presses against him instead of the soft sheets.

Hannibal leans down then, and presses his mouth, open, at the back of Will's neck - a kiss, a claim. A threat or a promise.

"If I didn't find everything about you rewarding, William, I wouldn't have kept you as my own." The words are soft, spoken low, warm and promising, before Hannibal tugs lightly at

the collar with his teeth, and finally moves away, rising from the bed with a final caress against Will's back, a lingering touch where it stings the most.

"Consider the two facts together," he suggests - the confinement and the cherishing both, desire and denial in twofold implication. "And tell me when you have an answer. Don't forget the ironing."

Hannibal takes up his riding crop, lingers in the doorway with a last look back. "And re-make your bed. Fresh linens in the laundry closet."

-

By the evening, Will is exhausted. Less from his chores, he doesn't have an unrealistic amount, and more from the gnawing pain across his back, from the unavoidable pressure against his cock.

He takes dinner in silence, eats as he's told, but can't even enjoy the wine he's allowed with the meal. He fidgets, often, tries to keep it inconspicuous but fails, can sense every time Hannibal's eyes settle on him. He hates the amusement that radiates from him.

He meets a humiliating complication in the bathroom and leaves it a longer while later than intended, flushed red and angry.

"Everything rewarding my ass, you sadist." He mutters, settling into bed and digging himself under the blankets. At least here, Hannibal won't bother him. Will goes to his room, never the other way around.

When he goes.

Will forces his mind away and tries for sleep.

He watches the clock tick past 3, hours later, entire body trembling in discomfort. His back and thighs throb in pain, his cock trapped in the hellish plastic device that grows more and more constricting. He could cry from the frustration.

Instead, he pushes himself up, leaves his room on quiet feet to go to Hannibal's.

He considers, for just a moment, searching his suit pockets for the key. Then considers the feeling of new stripes over those already aching, knows Hannibal would not stay his hand from breaking skin that time.

He swallows. Turns. And returns to bed.

In the morning, he searches the kitchen for painkillers.

He finds them, mild but promising in the smallest cabinet, tucked between bandaids and antacids. He wrestles the cover off, swallows two dry, and eyes the hard kitchen chairs with disgust.

Hannibal goes out in the mornings, but today he has left breakfast laid out and still warm under a glass cover on the breakfast bar. Will picks at it, picks it up, and abandons the house and it's various surfaces to instead take his breakfast on the covered porch.

Every step is a reminder, every motion feeling abortive and unnatural, and the unusual weight of it hanging extra leaves him sensitive, aware of gravity in a new and unusual way.

He settles instead, gratefully, into the overly stuffed and wide wicker papasan, shifting until he is nearly lying in it to be comfortable, and is grateful for the chance to be off his feet. There are chores - today is his turn to provide fodder at the stables, to turn the horses out. Hannibal does this on the days when he is home, but on the days he isn't - trading stocks, William has guessed, making investments to keep them well fed, clothed, to keep them living here in seclusion and comfort - on the days he isn't, the duty falls to William.

He picks at his breakfast and procrastinates, occasionally adjusting the plastic against his thigh. When he has done, he swallows two more Tylenol, and wonders if the isolation is supposed to drive him mad.

He washes the dishes to stave off the quiet and boredom, sets them away, and for another moment of painful discontent, considers seeking upstairs for the key. He hadn't slept, had tried to gain some relief by twisting, rubbing the unforgiving plastic against himself.

After staring in silence at the water running in the sink, Will finally turns it off to go outside.

The animals, at least, have a soothing presence, they demand nothing of him and let him work unhindered beyond how he already is. But even throwing his impatience into his work does nothing more than remind him of what holds him prisoner.

He thinks of Hannibal's words, resents them, takes them apart, makes himself find comfort in them, the guarantee and genuinely warm reassurance that he is here for longer than weeks, longer than a whim.

He is shaking by the time he's finished - exhausted and sore, and curls up on the couch to nap, on his side as the only way to not do any of his lingering tortures any more damage.

Will wakes to pressure, mounting and surprising, and he grips for himself instinctively, unused to the sensation, confused and lost. His hands tangle in a blanket before they close on the hard plastic through his pants, and he remembers angrily, panting and frustrated at the constriction.

It is dark enough that he must have slept most of the day, and his position has been slightly propped with pillows, a heated patch against his back revealing itself to be a bottle of hot water placed to ease his stiffness. It does not help the erection attempting to form in the tight confines, and Will nearly drops himself off of the couch, lacking all grace.

He cannot make it to the shower fast enough, though he is aware that Hannibal sees him passing - still half tangled in the blanket left for him, both his hands holding tightly to the device to try and find any angle at which the pressure would ease.

Cold water does it, leaving Will panting his relief against the tiled shower wall, even as the chilly touch eases over his purpling ass and thighs. The bruises are vivid, but already dispersing, changing color. Will bites his lip and growls to himself, and wonders how to get the damned device off again, if he does not dare steal the key.

He wants to decline dinner, to stay locked in his room in misery until Hannibal takes pity on him. The thought alone is laughable, so Will laughs, a harsh unpleasant sound, and presses his palms to his eyes.

"End, make it fucken end." He sighs, washing his face under the cold stream of water before stepping out and drying himself slowly. It seems every nerve is honed to feel everything, even the soft breeze passing over his skin. He wants to scream with it.

He knows how to make this stop. But the thought of giving up that victory as well... that small bit of pride he feels he still has left.

It frightens him that one day he would have none left.

It scares him more to think that by that point it won't matter to him.

He leaves his room flushed and just as tormented, and tries to avoid Hannibal's eyes when he sees the man.

Hannibal's mood is serene, pleased. There is a predatory undercurrent of waiting in him, as he serves dinner, as Will does his best not to squirm at the table.

"Were there any difficulties with your chores?" Hannibal asks, conversationally, setting down dinner - he is a peerless cook, William has learned. It was a skill he would once have written off as boring, as suitable for someone like Hannibal. Now he is uncertain how it fits the picture.

Will pushes his food with his fork. “I finished them.”

“That isn’t what I asked,” Hannibal prompts, but there’s no harshness in it, just amusement.

Will shifts again. Tempted to snark back with something clever. Instead he just lets out a low breath and chooses to remain deliberately unhelpful.

"There were no difficulties with my chores." He recites, eyes up to Hannibal for a moment before looking away. He doesn't ask what Hannibal did with his day. He doesn't ask about why he woke comfortable and warm on the couch.

He doesn’t ask to have the plastic device removed.

Hannibal does not lead him, either. Instead he instructs for Will to see to himself with the same lotion as yesterday, gently runs his fingers through Will’s slowly drying hair, and excuses himself to his study to read.

Just as any other day, and it leaves Will angry, bereft, baffled. Why did Hannibal keep him if only to ignore and discard him? He takes a book at random from the shelf, determined to outlast Hannibal in this, positive he could beat the man at his own game, somehow.

The fact that he hadn’t yet does not deter him.

He passes the study where Hannibal sits with the door open, the fire blazing warm against the cool night. He is the picture of a Master, sitting comfortably and engaged in reading a text in French, studious and quiet. The light suits him.

Will does not know how he avoids distraction. He throws himself in bed and regrets it, turns himself over and regrets it again, shifting to find what is comfortable, until he settles on his side, reading, with a pillow jammed against his crotch to help ease the extra weight.

The words on the pages refuse to line up, they slide and slip in his mind nonsensically, a dizzying whirl of nonsense, until he gives up, counting his breaths against the slow fiddling of crickets outside.

There is an absence of touch on his skin that is a worse ache than the touch of the device, a duller pain than his bruised ass, and he wants it, longs for even the rougher touches that Hannibal had given him in retort. He finds he does not care - tender or ferocious, as much as the chastity cage chafes him, it is the seeming absence of desire that affects him more.

He pulls the blanket over his head with a groan and forces his eyes to close. To sleep this time. To last.

He could show Hannibal how little he cared in return.

When his eyes open, his clock reads only an hour later, and Will makes a noise too weak to carry beyond the door. He pushes himself up, out of bed, and makes his way to the study again.

Hannibal still sits, reading comfortably by the fire, a glass of wine at his side. Will swallows, draws a hand over his face and walks closer, knows Hannibal sees him, knows he deliberately doesn't look up. When he's close enough to the man he sinks carefully to his knees.

"Please." He murmurs, eyes up, angry and desperate at once, quiet, "take it off."

Hannibal looks up, his face neutral but his eyes give away the clear pleasure at the humble request, at the clear, quiet anger in Will’s voice, mixed with so much else. He marks his page with a flat card meant for it, sets the book aside, his attention clearly and readily on Will.

“Is that what you want?” Hannibal asks, engaged, hands folded in his lap, though he leans forward to watch the expressions write themselves on Will’s face in lines as the boy breaks his own pride over his knee - it will rebound, it will rebuild. But in this measure, he is unlikely to forget.

Will closes his eyes and swallows, feeling pinned under the intensity of Hannibal's scrutiny. He nods, pauses, nods again and knows it isn't enough.

"Yes," he says, "Please."

Hannibal curls his fingers beneath Will's chin and strokes his skin gently.

"Very well," he says, as simply as that - he does not gloat or goad or chide, he does not demand anything of Will yet, or at least more challenging than, "Disrobe."

This Will obeys without incident. Careful to fold his clothes as he removes them, cheeks dark from the scrutiny, from his own defeat. But he returns to kneeling, breathing a little faster from anticipation of release.

There is something blatantly pleasing, to him, to hold all of Hannibal's attention this way, and he deliberately leans closer, sets his chin against his knee.

He cannot see the look on Hannibal's features, but he has seen its twin in the past - it is not wholly pride, or at least not purely pride. There is a certain degree of ownership, in pleasure at a thing fulfilling potential, and it is very near to affection.

Hannibal strokes his hair gently, touches his eyelids lightly, passes the pads of his fingers over Will's bowed lips until they part beneath his touch. His hand lifts unbidden to curl in the fabric of Hannibal's pants - fine wool in allowance for the cool weather, and holds tight. He is somehow, damnably, hatefully grateful.

If he were not exhausted and battered and sore, if he were not quite so ready to be freed of the damnable device even now threatening to constrict him again, he would loathe it within himself. Instead, he finds a twisted, growing joy in being pleasing.

"You lasted longer than I thought you might, but not so long as I guessed you would force yourself to try for," Hannibal tells him, a touch of pride. Then he shifts out of his chair, and

settles down. “Have I made my point?”

He puts the key in the lock anyway. The lesson is not the sort that will take unless the connection is made quickly, and Hannibal will not dissuade something so pleasing in William to make his point the faster - if need be, the lesson can be repeated. The reward now is no less deserved.

Will swallows, eyes down to watch, to experience the freedom from it with every sense allowed.

"Yes."

It's breathed, quiet, but genuine. He holds his hands at his sides, fisted gently, sits up enough on his knees not to hurt the bruises dark on his skin.

He makes a very soft sound when he feels Hannibal’s hands against him, warm and real and deliberately gentle as he unlocks the chastity and removes it. Will sets a hand against Hannibal's shoulder to balance himself, and waits.

Wonders if Hannibal will reach for him himself or if he will be made to ask for this as well.

Almost absently, Hannibal touches the skin where it was the tightest, being certain of no lingering damage. Then he simply sets the thing aside, tucks it beneath the attendant table on which his wine grows warm and his book waits. Then he turns his cheek, his eyes down on what he is doing as well, but it is enough to brush them together here.

His fingers curl, soft, and the strokes are slow, gentle, leaving Will whimpering into his bitten lip as the soreness wakes when blood fills his cock, those places where it had confined him before tender, but at least no longer trapped.

“What do you want, William?” Hannibal asks, without relenting, his mouth just at Will’s ear. His free hand cradles the back of Will’s neck just so, two fingers tucked almost absently

beneath the collar, though it isn’t enough to constrict him, just to make the leather press skin.

Will gasps, a helpless little noise as Hannibal touches him. His entire body sings with the desire for touch, for gentleness, for more. Just more of this pleasure.

He rocks his hips up harder, thighs spreading for balance and blatant show. He wants the attention and affection, the same intensity with which Hannibal gives his suffering.

"I want -" the words are rarely allowed past his lips anymore. His fingers cling where they can reach. "I want you to want to touch me again."

A vulnerability bought by patience and pain. A need for reassurance, to make Hannibal’s words match his actions.

Mercifully, Hannibal complies, stroking Will’s cock slowly in loose fingers, seeming to sense that the rush would be more painful than pleasurable and utterly content to take his time, to be gentle and reverent. His free hand slides down the curve of Will’s spine, finds stinging skin.

Hannibal shushes him gently when he hisses, surging forward, as much aroused as injured, and he draws back to smile. When he rises to his feet, he offers his hands down.

“Come to bed, William. The floor does not suit our needs,” he suggests, letting Will lean as much weight as he needs and standing steady under it to get him back to his feet. This time, it is Hannibal’s bedroom to which they retire, expansive, dark, with windows wide out into the dark fields beyond where they are not draped with gauzy white sheers, thick curtains to border.

Hannibal orders Will to undo his waistcoat, to set the cufflinks where they belong, and then, attentive to the painful stretch and ache that movement causes him, Hannibal bids him settle and wait.

The covers are plush enough that they do not much abuse his back when he settles on to them, spread but unbound, pliant, exhausted and ready.

Hannibal leaves his clothes so they will not be troubled later, and crouches, settles over Will like a stalking animal, but he keeps his weight on his own elbow, his mouth in tempting proximity to the fingers curled and working on Will’s cock again.

Will groans, arching his neck, head back and teeth grit in pleasure, now, not frustration. His fingers curl in the sheets and he draws his knees higher, pushing up against the touches, seeking more.

He will admit, that there has not been a time when Hannibal had brought him to climax that he hasn't enjoyed. The man knows how to play Will’s senses against him, for his own means and ends but the result is always Will satisfied and gasping, groping weakly for Hannibal to feel him close.

As easily as Hannibal plays him, he teaches him the limits of his body, how even if Will is sobbing for mercy, his body still complies with the clever coaxing fingers, the talented mouth.

"More," he tries, needy and soft.

Hannibal gifts him with one long lick, root to stem, and the pressure is more than his fingers had given, aching and delicious against the spots where he was most tender, electric, sweet. It leaves him gasping, though Hannibal does not repeat the motion immediately, his body arches up, begging even if his words don’t - or perhaps they do.

Will finds a litany of ‘please’ escaping his lips, breathy and hitched, though he had thought only to give wordless voice to his pained motions, to the protests of his bruised muscles and the sweet soreness that now seemed the natural, enhancing counterpoint of pleasure.

He forces his voice to stillness, his breath a stuttering wreck in his chest, trying to find egress and ingress in the same fluttering instants, and it takes him a moment to realize the world is so dark because he has closed his eyes.

“I cannot consent to bestow what you do not ask,” Hannibal suggests, reminding him of his lesson - and of course the reward would cement it, would reinforce the positive after the negative had been ‘corrected’. Hannibal was methodical, meticulous.

And his rewards always outweighed his punishments - or were set in balance with such care against them as to seem that they did. Hannibal’s warm breath touches his wet skin, and Will shudders as if he were freezing instead of burning.

"More," Will moans again, twisting, "your mouth your hands your cock, please."

He's hot from it, bone-deep need for touch and closeness and the familiarity of Hannibal’s body, a deep-seeded ache from being contained, denied, tormented by his own pride and his pathetic desire for Hannibal to be nearer.

It angers him to no end, usually, but like this he begs with every line of his body, every gasp and shudder.

There are days when being owned brings Will immense pleasure; from what is done to him, how, and from knowing it's him and him alone that finally draws that satisfied groan from Hannibal.

Your body is for Master's pleasure.

"Please,"

Hannibal relents, starting at the top of Will’s list to take him deep into his mouth, and on this he sets no restrictions, does not pin Will’s hands or his hips, does not tease further than he has. There is a sweet, firm heat to it, a tenderness where Will is most sore, and an answering repetition where he draws breath in pleasure, a lingering where his shaking is the most intense.

He feels as if Hannibal is listening to every fiber of his being, reaching out to tug on those which render him most vulnerable, plucking the sweetest sounding strings of Will's pleasure.

Will's voice forms the word again, and Hannibal draws back, leaving him wet and sensitive to the cooler air, and shifts up over Will's body, and now, this close, there is no denying how much desire this wakes in Hannibal also. That somehow, though Will can see he is just as achingly hard, and when he reaches, when he curls his hand around Hannibal's cock, he can almost feel the pulse of it.

The low, pleased sound - nearly surprised - is worth it, and Will glances up for permission and gets it, as Hannibal reaches, dipping a tin of lubricant from between the mattress and the headboard with unerring precision. Will lines them both up, and then Hannibal's hand closes over his own, while the other reaches down between them to open him to the ready.

Through it, though his own eyes close with every clever twist of his fingers, Will sees Hannibal's eyes never leave him, that he watches every change he wrings, every sweet and nearly tortured expression that crosses Will's face.

Hannibal leans closer.

"Your back?" he asks, careful, mindful, attentive.

"Everything hurts," Will admits, but there's a laugh carrying the words, too caught up in this now to care that pain underlines it or, perhaps, garnering a particular masochistic pleasure from it.

"How do you want me to be?" He asks, breathless, blinking his eyes open to see Hannibal properly, to watch each word draw micro expressions from him.

"On my back? On my knees? Back arched and - *oh* - nnng legs spread for you?" He pants quietly, hungry for it, greedy, his own words twisting tendrils of hot need through his gut.

"Over your lap?"

Hannibal's own sound - pleased, eager in a way Will isn't sure he's heard before - answers guttural. Will isn't sure he's aware he's made it, but he hears it, hears it clearly in the hot breath painted against his skin and he nearly loses himself right then, somewhere between the hot flush of pride followed by self consternation before the emotion becomes too complicated to hold.

"It's the last that will be easiest on you," Hannibal decides, tailing the words with a breathy sigh that stirs through Will's middle like a storm.

With a last twist of his fingers, Hannibal lifts himself away, mindful of his weight. This would spare Will the touch of anything but air to his back, and give him the control of depth and speed - it was a rarity to be allowed to take his pleasure with so much freedom, but apparently the mood in Hannibal was more charitable with his own pleasure.

Will resolves to give it to him more often, without pausing to think overmuch on what that meant.

Hannibal settles back, and when Will settles over him, he reaches up with one hand, palm flat, the tips of his fingers just settling over the front ring in Will's collar, the palm over his sternum to feel his pulse and his breath, and Will pulls one deep as they both guide Hannibal in, the stretch of it a shock, his skin tender, but it is not so bad as it might have been, and he is free to go as slow as he likes.

Hannibal looks up, then, his eyes dark and the smile lost to pleasure, but implicit, hinted in the ease of his posture, in the possessive gesture over Will's heart. "Don't hold yourself, this time. Cum when you're ready."

"Yes." Obedient, warm, entirely open to this as he settles one hand, curled, against Hannibal's stomach, the other over his shoulder, nails digging into the skin enough to feel.

He takes a moment, just to breathe, to feel the breach, to enjoy it, before lifting himself up on his knees, far enough for just the head to penetrate. He presses close, the hand clinging to

Hannibal’s shoulder shifting to press to his cheek instead, for one moment, as he sits higher and makes Hannibal look up at him instead.

The return down is slow, enough to draw a groan from them both, and Will presses closer to breathe against his master.

"Will you make me?" He asks, breathless, pleased with the response that draws before moving again, faster now, a harsher thrust, arching his neck for Hannibal’s fingers to grip the collar more.

"I want you to make me..."

Two fingers hook through the ring set into the front of his collar and pull as Will moves, to draw him down, to change the angle and keep him closer, though it means the thrusts are shallower, stay deeper.

Hannibal lifts himself into the motions Will makes, one hand splayed behind him to anchor, to lift him into it. The motions are short, hard, barely restrained but still somehow intimate, genuine.

His fingers release the ring, and Will feels as if gravity has lessened, finds his voice drawn out of him even before Hannibal’s hand slides down, a straight line, unrelenting and down, until his hand fists around Will’s cock and strokes firm counterpoint in delicious pressure, setting Will’s nails to prickling his back again at how much it is.

Every part of him is alive, it seems, from Hannibal’s touch - either given in the events leading to this moment, or touching him now, coaxing, *making* him, as he had asked. Perhaps not in quite the same meaning.

Perhaps *unmaking* is a better word. Will does not last long, and he is not embarrassed. His skin is a tapestry for his attention, calling pleasures and hurts into his mind until the instant they vanish, a curtain drawn back on the blinding white beyond. He knows his voice pulls from him, that the force of his orgasm is almost painful, that it leaves him shaking in its wake like it hasn’t since he was a much younger man.

He only gathers the rest in the aftermath, in the languid movements of Hannibal when he is past his own release tender thrusts that scrape the last of the pleasure out of both of them, even when skin is sensitive and softening. He finds himself draped against the other's chest, both of his arms around Hannibal's neck now, and their foreheads together, his voice making shuddering, broken sounds into the small, warm space between them.

Hannibal kills them with his mouth, assassinating them with an unexpected softness in his kiss, and lifts the hand not holding the both of them up now - smeared clean on the coverlet or perhaps skin somewhere - to the back of Will's head, tender for these few moments.

Will goes, grateful for the closeness, the intimacy of this. For a moment allowing himself to succumb to the collar, the control Hannibal has over him.

He nuzzles against him, parts his lips to kiss the skin of Hannibal's neck, perhaps pushing what he's allowed to do, but he finds no reprimand for it, just a low hum or growl in response. He pulls back, licks his lips and draws his nose lightly behind Hannibal's ear.

"Will you send me to my room?" He asks softly, the real question behind the words, unspoken.

Hannibal tips his head, turning his gaze to take Will in, to decide if it was a request or otherwise. His fingers have yet to still in Will's hair, gentle touches.

"You are free to go if you like," he says, after a moment, allowing Will a rare decision of his own. His arm stays heavy around Will's waist, however, and these fingers move too, gently tracing the line of bruise over the back of his thigh. "I won't *send* you, however."

Pleasure has rendered him permissive, and Will's obedience has earned him respect, for all the difficulty he'd found in coming to it.

Will hums, rests his chin against Hannibal's chest and watches him. Lets his eyes follow the swift shift of emotions across his face. Will's eyes narrow briefly as Hannibal traces the

bruise, but he makes no move to shrink away.

He wants to stay, wants that warmth and closeness after what feels like days of suffering, for his own pride. He licks his lips and pushes himself up a little higher, presses his lips to Hannibal's again, lingering, before moving back, to climb off of Hannibal and rest at his side, pressing as close to the man as he feels he will be allowed.

Hannibal rises, touching him reassuringly, and pulls back the covers, ensconcing Will beneath them before joining him, reaching out to pull Will close into a tangle of limbs, a comfortable folding of their bodies together. His touches stay soothing.

It is more than Will had expected, more than he is usually allowed. He feels concern when it's pride that wakes in his thoughts, pride at having earned this, at having turned atonement around so far as to please the man he only thought of as 'Master' in starts and fits, begrudgingly.

And yet, even when his mind rebelled, his body answered nearly every command, and it left him here, boneless, sated, drifting on the edge of sleep with strong fingers tracing absent patterns in his skin.

Will turns slightly, to press his face against Hannibal's side rather than his back, and his jaw nearly unhinges with the force of his yawn. He resolves to think about his own pride later, for now he is simply too tired.

End Notes

-Named for Bing Crosby's 'At Your Command', continuing the theme of 30's music titles.
-There's probably at least another part in this. Consider yourselves forewarned.
-Requests for kinks you might like to see us cover? Drop them in comments. No promises, but we'll see them.
-This one's for you, Sku. Hope you indulge yourself with little M/s soon.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!